2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

elaborate the statement: "She is my sister, at least: the daughter of my Little Father."

David sadly bemoaned the hideous "waste" of nine weeks spent in illness and convalescence; but in fact he managed to put in a lot of most valuable spade work. Even in the periods of weakness between the fever attacks he got a good deal done—including the Introduction to his first volume of the Burushaski—and during his convalescence he worked steadily and increasingly long hours every day, though he was not able to move freely about the countryside. Qudrat Ullah proved extremely intelligent. David suggested a subject he would like to go into—the rotation of crops; the clans; marriage or funeral rites, etc., etc.—and Qudrat Ullah went home to ponder and collect fuller information than he himself could give offhand, from his entire family, including the elders. Then he wrote out the facts in Burushaski (using still the inadequate and unsatisfactory Arabic script) and came a day or two later to read his "essay." This David took down verbatim—thus getting at least all the relevant technical vocabulary, asked further details, and suggested further lines of enquiry, drawing by this means on a far larger range of informants than he could hope to get into touch with single-handed. As soon as he was able to get about he was able to discuss matters on the spot with a background of knowledge that made it easier for him to understand the less sophisticated speakers, and from their talk and his own observation to check and supplement the information Qudrat Ullah had supplied. This method worked admirably. Nor was Qudrat Ullah his only sedentary informant: the levies and others took their turn in the study.

It proved immensely valuable to have the carefully dictated manuscripts from Qudrat Ullah, with supplementary notes and comments. As soon as these had been worked through, I took them one by one and typed them out in triplicate, so that even if all our manuscript notebooks were to perish by fire or flood or avalanche—which heaven forfend!—we should still have *some* written record to supplement our memory. The two spare copies were posted home to the Bank in separate batches at longish intervals for safe custody till our return. In some ways

again with a merry assortment of different roots and a confusion of various shades of past-ness. All these various things you ultimately succeed in pigeon-holing.

According to the intelligence of your man—and many of these untutored folk are quite as intelligent as the average headmaster or Oxford don—and the amount of time you have to spare and the intricacy of the language (Burushaski being at least ten times as difficult as Shina or Khowar) your rate of progress will vary. In any case, you will find that, however bright and willing your informant, he is wholly unused to sustained concentration, and must immediately be released at the first sign of weariness or boredom. Also that you must spend many hours working through and sorting your notes and tabulating your results before the next interview, if this is to be profitable.

It was DL's practice to escape at the first possible moment from the thraldom of the intermediate language. First because translation from another tongue is always liable to distort and colour the speaker's own idiom, and secondly because both your and your informant's knowledge (especially his) of the second language is imperfect and often inaccurate, and the amount you actually have in common very limited. It is therefore at best an untrustworthy crutch.

You then bid him think over some short narrative—a fairy tale, an anecdote of real life (a wedding, a funeral, or a raid)—and be prepared to tell it to you very slowly. It is not the affair of a day to train him to speak at a pace you can carefully record, and at first if he has outstripped you and is asked to "say that again" he will repeat himself in totally different words till your text is an agglomeration of bewildering anacolutha.

Having got a first short text on to paper phonetically—*without being at all clear of its meaning or the right division* of words—and having deciphered of it what you can, you read it aloud to him next day, making corrections as required, and if *he* can understand it, you have made your first step forward. The more unsophisticated he is, the more enchanted he will be to hear his own words again verbatim, and you are half way to making a philologist of him; you have, at any rate, enlisted

an interested collaborator. But you yourself have not got one word in ten, perhaps not one in fifty. You then work painstakingly through the text, getting a rough translation by means of the medium language, asking plural forms and other verbal tenses and acquiring in the process a mass of extra material in your notes.

As the days go on, your man becomes more and more helpful, he gets to know something of your grammatical wants and will now volunteer the plural forms, or stop his tale to interpolate: "he went, he goes, he will go, he has gone," or the like; or he will offer an equivalent expression, no longer as an anacoluthon, or digress to tell of some native custom, the details of some cooking process or some current superstition.

It is no easy task to keep your notes in such form as to be readily available for reference; it is still less easy to keep at command—in your head and on your tongue—all that you have already learned. Here, of course, the whole-time philologist has untold advantage over the busy man who can only snatch odd moments before or after a hard day's work, and sometimes after long blank intervals, for the pursuit of this most exacting of hobbies.

I never lost my admiration of the determination with which DL would give all his leisure to these exhausting séances. It might be half an hour before breakfast; it might be a pause between the reception of two official visitors; it might be a few minutes' interval while an important paper was being fetched from the office files, or a draft despatch typed for signature. Even on tour, when each day meant a mountain march of eighteen to twenty-five miles, in heat or cold, in rain or sun, over difficult and often dangerous country, plunging through banked-up sands by the river-bed, skirting precipitous cliffs along a rock-cut track eked out by the frailest of wooden bridges, or across the dreaded face of a stone shoot where the perpetual trickling of surface pebbles was an ominous reminder that any moment loose boulders might bombard the treacherous track; when each arrival at the rest-house of the day was the signal for visits of courtesy by some local headman or royalty, for the reception of petitioners and the sympathetic

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Chapter 28

FINALITIES

Our final weeks in Hunza were overcrowded with unavailing attempts to fill all the lacunæ of over a year's work, and working was not rendered easier by a temperature of 105 degrees in the shade, nor by the fact that we were both beginning to feel the strain of an intensive fifteen months at close on 8,000 feet (although we had not been consciously conscious of the altitude), and were undeniably somewhat played out.

We had to try to take all the photographs—moving or still—that had hitherto escaped us, develop and print the latter, and keep up to the end our practice of giving copies to the interested parties.

Two lines of enquiry in particular demanded attention. Until faith in the purely scientific and disinterested character of DL's intentions had been firmly established, he had refrained from any attempt to map in detail the inhabited country immediately about us, or to enquire too closely into the amount of land belonging to any given household. Such activities would inevitably have given rise to the fear that he had been sent to make a survey for Government as a prelude to land taxation. Now that such fears were unlikely to arise—and would not impede us greatly if they did—we toiled up and down the steep and rocky tracks, taking sights, pacing distances, measuring fields, and making calculations. A country harder to survey, even in the rough and ready fashion which alone was possible, it would be difficult to conceive. It was impossible to find even twenty yards of level ground in a straight line to make a base from which anything else was visible; pacing distance was almost otiose when spurs jutted and angles re-

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entered everywhere. There were no landmarks: every house was a rough replica of every other and not certainly identifiable from any distance, every poplar tree which from one point of vantage stood out in splendid isolation immediately fell into line with a dozen others when you walked a hundred yards. The whole habitable country was tilted at an angle of 45 or 50 degrees, and seamed with sunken rock-ravines; the river was perennially invisible in its gorge; tracks and water-courses were sunk between high walls, and not to be divined unless you were actually in them out of sight of everything: a heartbreaking, leg-exhausting task, the sketch map that DL coveted.

A second important task was an enquiry into matters of revenue and taxation. To have questioned the peasantry, except very casually and incidentally, would again have been to excite curiosity as to ulterior motives—the non-existence of which might well have seemed incredible—though we did manage to accumulate a good deal of information that was invaluable as corroborative material. The only way to get coherent information was to approach the Mir direct and beg permission to enlist the assistance of Prince Jamál Khán, now his grandfather's right hand in administrative matters, and then try to keep the boy's untrained attention from wandering off the point at issue.

All the while book-boxes had to be gradually packed and top-dressed with lighter material so as to make manageable loads, new boxes had to be conjured out of old to take the curious and unwieldy articles—from bows to winnowing forks—ultimately destined for some museum. The contents of each box had to be inventoried in detail, for Customs purposes as well as for our own reference, then strongly wired, then painted with name and numbers. *Dido and the rest helped* manfully over all such tasks as they could tackle, but much could be done only by DL or by myself.

Finally there was one blind spot of language which cried out for—and got—attention, the Dumáki spoken by the alien Béricho, that minute language-island within the larger language-island of Burushaski itself.

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My mode of procedure was as follows, and in all the circumstances it seems to have justified itself. For a few weeks I worked with Naser of Aliabad, head of my establishment of domestic servants, eliciting from him the principal inflectional forms of the language as well as the chief pronominal forms and the numerals. Naser, though illiterate, was a man with excellent brains and the instincts of a teacher and elucidator, and Hindustani provided a medium of intercourse. After this I secured the services of Imám Yár Bég, brother of the Wazir of Hunza and a Jemadar in the Gilgit Scouts, and began to take down texts to his dictation. Each day I wrote down as much as I had time to, making every effort to record the sounds phonetically as far as I was able to appreciate them, and to make sure of the division of the words. I did not make a point of fully following and understanding what I wrote. The same day, or the next working-day, I read out to him what I had written, corrected it as far as I could from every point of view and strove to arrive at the exact meaning of every word and sentence. I made notes of the translation and obtained the principal parts of verbs, the plural forms of nouns and so on, and recorded other words and phrases that were suggested by those of the text.

All this was very hurriedly done, but the results have in general proved satisfactory and the texts themselves seem to be readily intelligible to Burushaski-speakers when read aloud to them. They will often complete a sentence and continue the narrative, where it is short, in much the same words as the original, for though there are no professional story-tellers in Hunza, many of the local stories or accounts of customs appear to be told habitually in a customary, if not stereotyped form.

Imam Yar Beg was a man of first-rate intelligence, great energy and a forceful personality. His own tastes ran naturally to sport and the practical. He was an enthusiastic and skilled polo player and I fear linguistic enquiries must sometimes have bored him, but he stayed the course until at length he unfortunately fell ill a month or two before I left the country. In that month or two,

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115 of course, everything was going to have been checked and corrected
126 and much additional information was going to have been obtained — an impossible programme!

Simultaneously with the writing of the texts I ran through an
126 extensive list of common English words and obtained as far as possible their Burushaski equivalents by direct enquiry. This method helps to fill up unexpected hiatuses which will always be found in the vocabulary obtained from any moderate body of texts and casual information. It works well enough with nouns that are the names of material objects and with the simpler direct verbal conceptions. As a sole method, with an imperfectly-known common language as medium of communication, it would be quite unsatisfactory.

Also, in desperation, to make the most of the time available, I adopted a still less satisfactory expedient. I commissioned Imam Yar Beg's elder brother, 'Inâyatullah Bèg, to write out for me a list of all the Burushaski words and proverbs he could think of with explanations in Hindustani. He had some months in which to do this. I gave him for the purpose a large number of slips, each to be used for a single word, of which the vital inflected forms were also to be given. Unfortunately I was not able to convey my instructions by word of mouth and IUB devoted himself to a paper-economy campaign, writing as many words in pencil in a small hand on each slip as he could cram on to it. The result was almost illegible. I handed these slips over to Shâhzâda Yûsuf of Yasin to re-write. He had an adequate knowledge of Burushaski and non-literate Burusho at hand to consult. With great industry he rewrote all the words on separate slips, adding in some cases Roman transliterations of his own. This did not suffice, however, to distinguish with any certainty a from â, i from e and u from o, nor to exclude ambiguity in the case of some other sounds.

128 All this material, which contained much that was new to me, I was unable to examine till years later when in England and unable to obtain help. Another very difficult manuscript with which I

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had to struggle unaided was that of text No. 47 which had been supplied to me in two not identical versions, Burushaski and Urdu, by Gushpūr Muhammad Ghani Khān, before I had begun to work at the language.[1]

In collecting linguistic material there is a choice of two attitudes one may adopt. The first is to try and clear up and master every difficulty as it occurs and ideally to make one's effective knowledge keep pace with the information that one writes down; the other is not to linger over difficulties which prove at all intractable, not to memorise and not to endeavour to learn to speak as one goes along, but to write down in the way of Texts etc. as much as possible in the time available, only making notes of the meaning and of usages as far as that is possible without undue delay.

The former method is of course the ideal one, but I doubt whether it is the wiser when time is limited. One may spend hours debating over an obscure phrase or construction without arriving at a full comprehension of it, while if the time is spent instead in recording more texts, there is a considerable chance that the word or phrase will turn up again in contexts which make its meaning or force plain. At least this has been my frequent experience. As regards trying to talk and memorising one's material as one goes along, where the language is as difficult as Burushaski, that is largely a question of the quickness and acquisitive power of the recorder. With no spare time or energy at my command such ambitions lay beyond my hopes.

I therefore resigned myself to the second method and devoted myself to collecting as much material as I could in the time — and the "time", it must be remembered, was what remained to me when my official work was done, and had to be divided between the three languages I was working at concurrently, Shina and Khowar as well as Burushaski. Then on retiring and returning to

[1] There is an error in the statement made in l. 2 of the note on p. 376 of the Texts: "1923" should be altered to "1922", or else the words "more than a year" should be cut out. I am not sure which.

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126 128 England I settled down first to translating the texts and working out the vocabulary, and then to an intensive comparative study of every word and every grammatical form occurring in my material. On this basis I then prepared and annotated the Texts and drew up the Grammar and Vocabulary as they now stand. This took in all four and a half years, from January 1926 to June 1930.

I have dwelt at some length on my methods of work, because without such knowledge it is impossible for the reader to form any just estimate of the degree of authority to which the book can lay claim. For the same reason I have made a free use of question marks in the Vocabulary and elsewhere to indicate points in regard to which my information is uncertain. I hope I have stated nothing as a fact except on reasonably adequate grounds.

114 The whole edifice stands essentially on the foundation of Jemadar Imam Yar Beg's Burushaski, a foundation the general reliability of which I think no one in Hunza would dream of questioning. But this statement requires serious qualification: it is IYB's Burushaski as affected by the mishearings and misunderstandings of the recorder. That there are such I have not the slightest doubt. I am only surprised that the substance of the Texts has worked out so homogeneous and, as I have now some ground for believing, so correct.

A special word of warning should be given in regard to the Phonetics. I am myself no phonetician and made no constant systematic attempt to distinguish by all means at my command between different sounds which sooner or later I knew to exist, but could not myself certainly distinguish. This applies specially to the two parallel series of cerebrals and non-cerebrals, aspirates and non-aspirates. Many cerebrals and aspirates may have escaped undetected; I can only say that where a sound is marked as cerebral or aspirate, it may safely be assumed to be such.

121 My general aim in the preparation of this work is now sufficiently evident; it is simply to give a perfectly objective view of what I was able to ascertain about the language. I have created a hypothesis

4: Lorimer L-S (1929-4; 1934-5) 1936 AVT Burushe AVT

[P. iv contains no textual material - Ansley]

PREFATORY NOTE.

The following texts were collected by me in 1923—24 in the manner described in the Introduction. Nos 1—3, 5—45 and 46. B. were supplied by Jemadár Imám Yár Beg, son of the late Wazír Humáyún Beg, a man of distinction to whom some reference will be found in Durand's "Making of a Frontier" and who later rendered valuable services in the Chitral Campaign of 1895. The eldest son, Shukr Ullah Beg, has been Wazír of Hunza since his father's death. Of some of these texts IYB wrote out versions in the Arabic script, which I possess. They do not always agree verbatim with the dictated versions.

On my return to Hunza, after ten years, in July 1934, I met Jemadár Imám Yár Beg briefly on two or three occasions and it was a great pleasure to renew our old cordial relations, and a happy prospect to look forward to their continuance. But this was not to be. On the evening of the 27th October Imám Yár Beg was shot in the Gilgit Bazar and died three hours later in hospital. This morning his body was carried past here on a bier, attended by the brothers and a throng of mourners. And in company with the local population, I could only pay a last tribute to an old friend as the cortège passed on its way to Baltit to the sound of a melancholy dirge and subdued lamentation.

So has disappeared in his prime a vivid personality from Hunza life. As I knew him in earlier days he was the embodiment of energy and zest for life. What his hand found to do — riding,

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No. IV.

The Adventures of Kisar. [101]

In Lamu there was a rich man. In the Spring season he was giving wheat to the people. A small child made its appearance in the wheat and he took it out. The rich man's daughter-in-law was with milk and he brought the child (home) and reared it (with her help). It grew up and they gave it the name of Dungpa Miru

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Lentz, Berthold. A review and criticism of Francke's "Spring Myth of the Kesar Saga" (as originally published in German). "Wiener Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes." Vol. XV 1901 pp. 77—107.

Contains what amounts to a bibliography of previous literature relating to Kesar or Gesser Khan.

Poppe, N. "Untersuchung der sprachlichen Eigentümlichkeiten der mongolischen Version des Gesser Khan." "Asia Major" Vol. III. Fasc. I and III, Lipsiae 1926.

The bibliography I have to contribute on the subject will be found in "Folk-Lore," Vol. XLII, 1931 no. 2.

This text presents a good many difficulties, a considerable proportion of which are probably due to the circumstances in which it was recorded. 'Ali Madad of Baltit, the old man who related the story, was only able to do so at a pace at which it was impossible to write it down.

He could not repeat himself, and when asked to do so was liable to lose the thread of the story. The services of my usual informant, Imam Yar Beg, had therefore to be requisitioned to catch such episode as it fell from Ali Madad's lips and retail it at a pace and in a form convenient for the recorder.

The process was not an easy one for any of the persons concerned and it undoubtedly resulted in some confusions and errors which were not all eliminated by subsequent revision.

1 dyawin . . . . mandag mamini. — The meaning of this is clear, but it affords an example of the confusion just referred to.

No. XLVI. A.

Wa·lum i·r mas·l.

(60) Da i·nr scnimi kr:

Hin hiranr altan yu· bam. U·ctsum jut inr scnimi yu·yur: "Lr aya, mi ctr dolattsum ja·r bcsan ba·go jučila kr ja·r ačі."

Yu·yr i·mo dolat u·sr trap sr učimi.

Da bu·t guntsrp, hcrapulo o·nitsum (or, omanitsum) jot i·nr i·r i·mo bcsan uyo·n gati ustan bu·t matan buisai.cner ni·mi. Da i·tr ditulo (or, buisai.ulo) yunikrš durou·lo i·mo bcsan biman faš ctimi. Bcsan biman uyo·n fas ctumtsum i·lji i·tr buisai.ulo bu·t dap čam di·mi. Bu·t abaš sr di·mi. Inr ni·n i·tr buisai.ulum hiranalr walimi. I·nr inr i·mo malrpulo ku·kršo uysrčsr o·rimi.

Inr o·vulo ormo·n bilum kr "I·tsr xu·kšio bcsan šiči.cn kr i·tsrtsum ja o·l manič" nusr. Inrr mcnr bcsan kr o·učam.

These two versions of the Parable of the Prodigal Son were made from the text of the British and Foreign Bible Society's "Persian Urdu" translation of the New Testament (Luke XV, 11—32).

The first version, A, was produced by a committee of whom the leading spirit was Nasar of Alikhêl, Hunza, and the secretary Sarferka, a literate Yashkun of Gilgit with a Nagari wife and an acquaintance with Burushaski. I eventually wrote it down to someone's dictation. Sarferka's vernacular Ms., which I possess, is a somewhat ambiguous document, as it is not very carefully written and he had not arrived at a fixed system of correlating the sounds of Burushaski with the symbols of the Arabic-Persian script. For instance he uses ڑ regularly to represent ts, but also on occasion to render č, j, š, or rather, as far as one can be judged, the post-alveolar or cerebral forms of them č, j, and š.

The second, or B version, was made some four months later by Jemadar Imam Yar Beg and was recorded with his own hand, but it is probable that he consulted the previous translators who were on the spot. The Ms. is fairly clear and consistent.

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No. XLVI. A.

The Parable of the Lost Son.

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And he said:

A man had two sons. The younger of them said to his father: "Father, give me the share of our property that comes to me."

The father divided up his property and gave it to them.

Then when not many days had passed, the younger son collected all his belongings and proceeded to a very distant country. In that country he exhausted all he possessed in evil conduct. When he had done so there came a very severe famine in the land and great adversity came upon him. He went and settled with a man of that country, and the man sent him into his fields to feed the swine.

He longed in his heart, saying: "Would that my belly might be (fi..ed) with the things that the swine eat!" And no one gave him anything.

Both versions show traces of the influence of the Urdu original. The B version occasionally indulges in amplification and paraphrase. 176 177

In both, alterations were made during the process of dictation, and the vernacular Mss. and my transcriptions (especially in the case of the A version), are not identical.

Title. This in fact was supplied only with B. It is a translation of the Urdu *mathal*: *Kharye kare kerje ki kaanii*.

1 *ke* — this particle, introducing the words of a speech or thought etc. occurs constantly in this text, probably owing to the influence of the Urdu *kih*.

3 *ewaiawa* — v. § 497. b.

7 *yewikrē dawoda* — Urdu *kaitalaai* sē.

9 *walisē* — The Urdu is: *ek baiirade ke kare jaayaya*.

10 *kwkrde* — vernac. Ms. has *swkrde*.

Burušaski Proverbs.

136 Like the preceding text I received these in written form. They were originally recorded for me by ʿInaʸyat Ullah Beg and rewritten more legibly by M. Šaʿhnaʿda Yuʿsuf. I have used both versions. The comments are mostly condensed from Hindustani notes by ʿInaʸyat Ullah Beg which were not rewritten by Š.Y. Much more elucidation would be required for the proper understanding of these proverbs.

537K 1. ʏam ctas hukor tin.
To the barking dog a bone
H. bhaunknewaʿla kutteko haḍḍi.
P. dahan i sag ba luqma basta bah(?)
i. e. to a ruler who takes bribes, give bribes (otherwise you won't get off).

2. hukr tin ʤiyas asaʏnr; jaʿri ctas dorm.
It is easy for a dog to eat a bone, i. e. eating bones is easy for a dog, but to digest (pass?) them is difficult.
i. e. a ruler may take bribes but it is difficult for his days to be completed(?)

3. Sinda kam aʿirta (? or, ayrta?); paʿdiha jut aʿirta (or ayrta).
Don't regard the river as small; don't regard the king as young (immature).
H. doriaʿko kam najaʏn; aur paʿdishko ʧhoʿta xiaʿl nakar.
i. e. If there is little water in the river it will almost certainly increase; if the king is young there is every prospect that he will grow older. Both things are likely to increase so don't despise them.

No. III.

The Prodigal Son. (Luke XV, 11 ff.)

Da· nɛ seni: Hɛn hi·tanɛ alt'an yu bam. U·ɛ hɔraŋ ečuɣon yɛ tatiya seni, "Lɛ tati, maltsum be·rum ba·go ja·ɣa dəžqalčum bi ka jaɣa a·u." Nɛ tati i·a mal i duni.a u·eɣa pfaki.

Da bu·t mudda ai.igali ečuɣon yɛ i·a kul daulat jama nɛtɛ matan mulkɛnə ·rahi ·eti, to i·a malh šu·m duro.uǫ̈lɛ ·espaḷu.i (*or*, de·me·yi).

Da be·ša čiq xərj eti ho tɛ batanulɛ saxt dəryanj mani. Nɛ halɛ·ɛ mahta·j man·iš tai.i. Da· tɛ batanulɛ hɛnɛ ha·lɛ gali. Nɛ hi·ɛ nɛ halɛ·ɛ i·a maluḷɛ hu·kišu ya·rča ·e·ri. Nɛ halɛ·ɛ ɛrma·n duḷum, "Tɛɛ hu·kišu mukakɛ k'ošišu šučum bi.ɛn ka je· ka tɛɛ yɛtɛ au.ul he·k ečam." Magam mɛnɛ aiyu· aiyu· bam.

Da nɛ hilɛɛ hu·šuḷɛ di seni, "Ja tati be·rum bu·t mazdu·riluɣa but pha·ko dəžqalčum bi. Je ak·o čamɛnɛ aiyu·rčam ba. Ja di·ɛ aiya tati ·epaiya tɛɛra·m. Da nɛɣa ·iyam, 'Lɛ tati, ja aiyaš kha

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This version of the "Prodigal Son" was made by Bahádur Amán Shāh of Yasin, and was written down and dictated to me by Mehtarjan Shāhzāda Yūsuf of Yasin, whose vernacular transcript is in my possession.

pfaki — this word also occurs in the same passage in the LSI. version of the Prodigal Son, but has not been otherwise recorded.

The use of the dative with it suggests that the meaning is "allotted" or "assigned"

4 nɛtɛ — The vernacular Ms. has *nɛ́*.

5 *dɛrmeryi* — is the vernac. Ms. reading.

7 *mɛnɛ́l šai.i* — this and the similar *dɛryɛnɛ́l šai.i* (l. 14 p. 412) are each in the vernacular Ms. and in my own Ms. written as one word. I similarly wrote *ǰəčikiwiltai* where the vernac. Ms. has *ǰəčikiwil šai*. On the other hand I have *ehil šaiyɛn* where the vernac. Ms. has *ehilɛnɛ*. V. II. 19 & 13 p. 412.

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Preface

Apart from indicating undoubted loan-words, often to me of unknown origin, which are shared by Burushaski with one or more of the neighbouring languages, I have made no attempt to pronounce on the authenticity of those words which *primâ facie* appear to be true Burushaski. Sanskrit cognates have been suggested for some of them by Professor Morgenstierne.

One important question remains to which I can give no precise or certain answer: What proportion do the Burushaski words in this Vocabulary bear to the total word-stock of the language? When I returned to Hunza in 1934 one of my hopes was to record sufficient new words to make my collection fairly complete as regards words in daily use and known to everyone. I was well aware that the still popular belief that peoples living in primitive conditions must possess simple languages and employ small vocabularies had been abundantly disproved by facts, but I had not realised what a lengthy business it is to collect and adequately record even a few hundred words after the first couple of thousand in constant daily use have been noted. How many new words I actually recorded I have no idea, but I am certain that they will go only a short way towards making the vocabulary complete. I could always easily get new words, the difficulty was to find time to have them elucidated and to write them down.

Burushaski possesses a large number of nouns of a technical nature relating to all the ordinary occupations of life, which, given time, can be ascertained by observation and enquiry, but it also appears to be very rich in verbs, and these are not so easily and quickly discovered by any direct method.

The *Werchikwar—English Vocabulary* remains much as it was when it was originally compiled. In 1934—36 I made several efforts to bring Werchikwar-speakers to Hunza to work with me there, but failed to secure competent men. The principal result was disappointment and wasted time. Eventually I paid a visit to Yasin and found an old acquaintance, with whom I worked there and whom I brought back to Hunza and kept with me for a few

5: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935
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126 weeks. Unfortunately I did not remember how full of uncertainties my Werchikwar Vocabulary was, and instead of revising it I spent all my time trying to obtain new material. From this, however, I have been able to fill in some details lacking in the original vocabulary.

128 The *English—Burushaski* and *English—Werchikwar Indexes*, prepared by my wife, are not to be taken as dictionaries, they merely give references to the occurrence of the English words in the preceding Vocabularies. These English words are not necessarily the exact equivalents of the vernacular words which follow them. These should therefore in every case be looked up.

EPILOGUE.

000 With this Preface to the last volume may be combined an epilogue to the whole work. The latter, concocted in the course of the years 1926—30 from material collected in 1923—24, passed on to the ordeal of printing, from which it now finally emerges. It has therefore been something of a preoccupation, almost continuously, for fifteen years, and has consumed a considerable amount of time and labour.

The expenditure of time and energy in routine work, or without definite objective, easily passes unnoticed and seldom arouses active regret. When there is, or ought to be, a definite result to show for it, we become critical, and we are specially apt to find the outcome of self-imposed, directed labour inadequate and unsatisfactory. We then realise that time passed is irrecoverable, and that energy expended is virtue that has gone out of us for ever.

The author of an imperfect work on Burushaski can therefore quote with humble fellow-feeling the sad case of Burzoë described by Ath Tha'álibi in his "History of the Persian Kings."[1]

[1] Zotenberg, "Histoire des Rois de Perse", Paris, 1900, p. 630. The quotation is from the translation by Sir Denison Ross in the Foreword to Vol. V of the "Ocean of Story", edited by N. M. Penzer (privately printed by Charles Sawyer, London, 1924—28) p. vi. Typographical difficulties rule out the reproduction here of the original Arabic.

121 and of course the kinds and varieties of foods that were used, I attached great importance to this phase of my trip and I was definitely determined that, come what might, this information I would have thoroughly and in detail.

124 No doubt it would have been an advantage had I been able to speak either Urdu, or better still Burushaski, so that I could frame my questions as I saw fit and have answers that would be direct and would not require translation. However, that was not possible. Still, I had no reason to believe that my interpreter would not be a forthright individual who would give me the answers that were relayed to him clearly and to the point.

Mind you, I was seeking no miracle or world panacea. I wanted to find out the simple truth!

Further, I wanted to walk from farm to farm . . . that is, just selecting one at random here and there. I wanted to view the farmer's activities, study his soil and examine it, ask a few questions and thus, I could gather the information that I wanted and which was so vital to me.

344 644 The old palace proved to be in a good state of preservation. I wondered, because of its good condition, why someone didn't live there. Many of the rooms were still furnished. There were even rugs and tapestries placed and hung in their original positions.

[126] When we climbed to the top of the castle—that is, to the roof where I snapped many photos—it seemed mighty high and overlooked everything around us. But [133] in the distance were mountains that were well over 20,000 feet—and that is no exaggeration, but more likely an understatement.

There was a railing around this upper balcony and from this balcony you could walk into other chambers.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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"We were up betimes on December 23rd, and proceeded to rummage all the nooks and corners of the deserted palace. We had heard that the treasures of many a pillaged caravan . . . were stored here, so the search was an exciting one. The tribesmen had been informed that, provided they gave up their arms, their property would be respected by us. . . But the possessions of the fugitive Thum were declared to be forfeited, so we set to work to collect together all the valuables that were to be found in the place, individual looting being of course forbidden. . . . We were informed that the Thum had made all his preparations for flight long before his defeat at Nilt, and . . . had carried off the bulk of his wealth with him across the Hindoo Koosh. . . . Still, they had not taken all, and we raked together a curious and miscellaneous collection of odds and ends scattered about and secreted away in the various chambers and cellars."

On two sides this mighty fortress (and it is a mighty fortress for that part of the world) is protected by abysses.

As the views of the mountains and the surrounding country from the balconies were unrivaled, I took many colored photographs and with each click of the shutter I hoped for the best.

I noticed a marvelous old firing piece, gun or matchlock. I don't know how to describe these things as I am not very familiar with firearms. However, I found out that this was a genuine treasure and was almost as old as the fort itself.

It was a most unusual firing piece. By actual measurement it was 6 feet long, elegantly and extravagantly decorated with silver and gold, and bore the inscription "946 A.H."

What had evidently been an old calendar portray-

122 or cares in regard to Mr. Brunton's condition. The doc-
[758] tor will attend to his duties at Aliabad and look after the hospital there . . . but he only has one or two patients and he will be back and forth from the hospital to the palace. Therefore he will be in constant touch with your friend."

"No man could do more," I assured the Mir. "I don't know how we can ever thank you enough."

"Don't mention it," he said. "You have been very kind, too."

"Now is there anything that you would like me to get for you while you're here? I wish you would tell me because some things may take a few days to procure or prepare and I would like to have them ready for you."

[124] "I'll tell you what I would like and you tell me what you would like me to send you from Canada—and no holds barred." I said to him.

"Fair enough! We'll tell each other frankly what we want."

"Agreed," I joyfuly replied.

126 I always carry a notebook with me. It's a small folding affair made of leatherette or something, that has room for 3 or 4 ball point pens and a pad inside. I was making notes as well as marking down the things the Mir expressed interest in when I spoke of the conveniences available in America. I intended to send these to him anyway.

I had seen quite a few little items around Hunza that I would have liked to have . . . for instance, a Hunzan hat, a cane made in Hunza, a pair of Hunzan
291 boots. The boots are most unusual, being something
237 like the mukluks used in the north by the Eskimos, except that these are made in a simpler manner. They are somewhat like riding boots in shape except they are

322 that I have seen performed, I am not too sure that
[177] our wood workers could teach them any new tricks. The thing they're short of is suitable wood.

[415] One of the important functions of the wood turner is to fashion bowls which are made out of either mul-
[352] berry, willow or apricot wood. The wood turner also makes charpoys, chests, jewel boxes, bowls and chairs and I believe he is capable of making anything that can be fashioned out of wood.

461 One definite thing impressed me about these various craftsmen and that was the fact that time was meaningless. Their craft was the important thing. Whatever had to be done had to be done right whether it required an hour or a day or a week.

461 There were many things that I would have liked to
126 purchase or arrange for but some of them would require days to produce and it was not my desire to hurry anybody. After seeing their pleasant way of life, I had no intention of disturbing it. Whatever was available that I wanted, I would take with me. Anything else could be sent on or else I would do without it.

Now I didn't see his birth certificate and I might as well tell you, right here and now, that no vital statistics are kept in Hunza. I accept the figure of his age as he told me but remember, I was not there at the time of his birth!

When I was through with my spasm of inspection and admiration, we began to parade up the long driveway that led into the Mir's garden. This area is flanked on the right by space that looks as though it were a parking lot, and maybe that's exactly what it is, but instead of cars, the guests or members of the family park—or should I say tether—their horses and yaks in this area. Maybe now they park their jeeps there. The Mir owns two of them, but one, I understand, was away in Pindi being repaired. (Or was it the shambles and horrible wreck of a jeep that I came across a week later, on the road back to Gilgit?)

Now I noticed that the Mir, Ayesh, the doctor and Cec were coming along the roadway to meet us, and soon we joined forces and were gathered in one group. I thought this was the ideal time to take some photographs and, luckily for us, they were the best photographs we took on the entire trip. Photography is something that has never interested me and I had never taken half a dozen pictures in my life. Before leaving home, I did try to learn a bit about photography, but I couldn't learn enough fast enough.

When the fun, excitement and fast-flowing humorous remarks had subsided, I said to the Mir, "If you've nothing more important to do or if you would care to give me a little more of your time, we could start that question and answer session that I arranged with you for this afternoon."

"I am at your service," he replied pleasantly and with alacrity.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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out the services of a guide. 122

I can assure you that the Commander carefully selected the man, too. Although he looked like a boy, he was tall—about 6 feet 2 inches—lithe, alert, in fact, as smart and as capable a type of human being or soldier or both as 'twould be possible to find anywhere. Not that Jahangir needed it, but he certainly was in "high caliber" hands.

Bearing in mind that the two ponies we had were stallions, I began to wonder if we might not have some trouble on the trail, because Jahangir's mount was a mare. To you, this may not appear to be a genuine source of worry, because in the West the horses used for riding are practically always gelded and this eliminates any risk of difficulty. So you either ride a mare or a gelding. 122 492

I thought to myself, "What would happen if either one of our stallion ponies began to get ideas on some of these high tortuous, winding mountain trails?" I knew from my reading that it does happen. 122

A man can work himself up into quite a stew by thinking of such things, and by now I was greatly worried about what would happen if my black stallion did become rambunctious on the trail. So I made up my mind that I would give that mare as wide a berth as possible.

I buried my worries by getting busy and snapping a few pictures of the type of houses that we found here at Aliabad. They didn't differ very much from those we found elsewhere. They were not as well built and as clean as those we had found at Altit, but they were still quite neat and tidy by most other standards. Practically all the houses are built one on top of the other, as close together as the undulating region would allow, and it sure was obvious that a person couldn't 342 [126] [36]

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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spoken. The good professor espouses the theory that the Burushaski language is genealogically related to the language of the Basques, spoken only by a handful of these people who live in the Pyrenees in southern France and northern Spain. Therefore, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any stranger or outsider to have a good working knowledge of the language. 197

When you are given the name of a place or a thing and wish to write it down, you have to do it entirely by means of phonics. For example, I wanted to know the name given to a part of the flour mill and after much actual jawing, I wrote down the word "yine." Later, in checking with another Hunzan who articulated in deliberate, clearcut fashion for me, I got the word "yang." Now repeat those two words over yourself and see just how much similarity there really is between them. 126 192

I sought the name of the word given to the galleries —that is, the wooden galleries or it could be the stone galleries that were built up along the ledges when the road fell away. One of the writers had given the name for these places as "rafiks," which I followed. But I also had come across the word "paharis" when I was in Hunza and they didn't seem to use or have heard the word "rafik." 126 192 491

Then upon investigation, I find that the words "rafik" and "paharis" are not the actual words used to describe this bit of fancy roadwork. The meaning of "rafik" is actually Arabic for a companion or comrade and the meaning of "paharis" is Urdu for "people who live in mountainous regions." From usage so far and the best of searching, it appears that "rafik" is the term used to describe the built up stone galleries that shore up a "fallen away" gap of road. "Paharis" is the term for the wooden platforms that are erected over

126 192 491 "nothing" where the ledge once led . . . a few well appointed steel rods forced into fissures being the total support. As yet I have failed to discover or learn the proper word describing these galleries.

114 I must admit that many or most of the errors or misconceptions concerning Hunza are due to the fact that insufficient time was spent by some of the writers who visited Hunza.

At first it was my wish to pass by this chapter on misconceptions because I did not feel that I should be involved in a hassle with other writers. But then I asked myself if I had any doubts as to whether or not I was right. And this made me feel that I definitely wanted to write the chapter on misconceptions.

It is not my intent or desire to be contradictory nor arbitrary. I am not seeking to pick a quarrel with anyone. But the facts and statements herein related are based on my seeing, hearing, research, questioning and investigating.

I have tried to make my book as accurate as humanly possible. And if and when errors are found, I trust they will be brought quite forcibly to my attention. I would like to believe that if I can dish it out, I can take it, too!

134 *Fertile valleys*—Some writers have referred to various valleys in Hunza as fertile valleys. By the standards to which we are accustomed, there is not one single fertile valley in all of Hunza. That the soil is productive and the valley green and beautiful, no one will deny. But at best the soil in Hunza is shallow and to be productive, it must be maintained assiduously. I repeat, in Hunza there are no such things as naturally fertile valleys as compared, for example, to parts of the Willamette Valley in Oregon.

131 133 *Hunza is scarcely 60 miles long*, says one writer. Another says it is 80 miles long and elsewhere I saw it